SHAKESPEARE'S SONNETS

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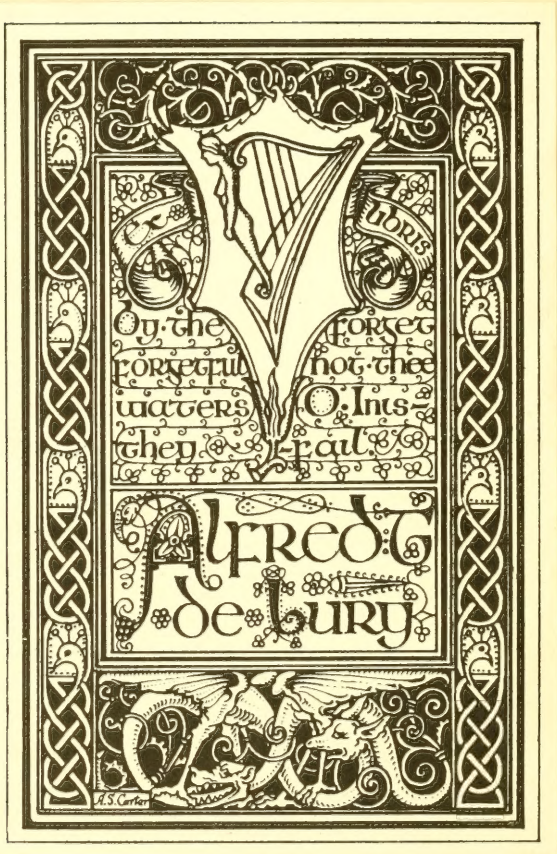
Thou
By the forest hot thee
forlorn waters O Ints-
they frail
Alfred de Bury
J.S. Carter

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Constable & Company Ltd.
London, 1913.

Sonnets

by

Shakespeare

With illuminated Initials
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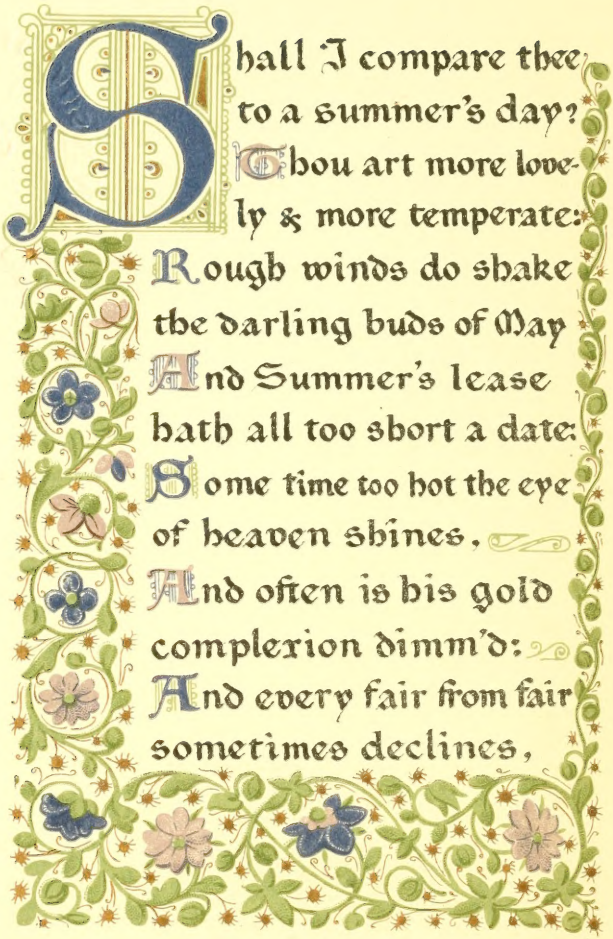

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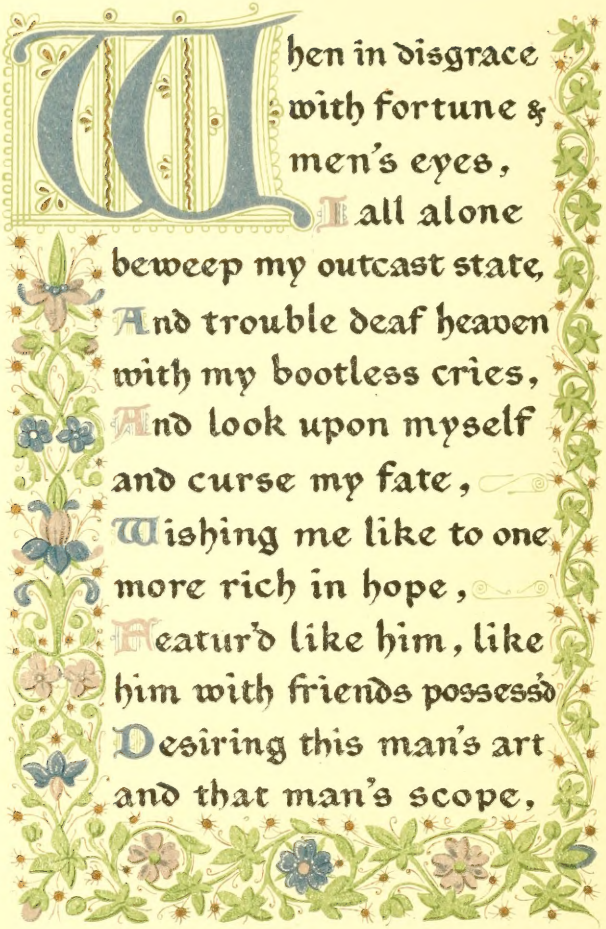
By chance or nature's
changing course un-
trimmed:
But thy eternal summer
shall not fade,
Nor lose possession of
that fair thou owest;
Nor shall Death brag thou
wander'st in his shade
When in eternal lines
to time thou growest:
So long as men can
breathe, or eyes can see,
So long lives this, and
this gives life to thee.


When in disgrace
with fortune &
men's eyes,
I all alone
beweep my outcast state,
And trouble deaf heaven
with my bootless cries,
And look upon myself
and curse my fate,
Wishing me like to one
more rich in hope,
Featur'd like him, like
him with friends possess'd
Desiring this man's art
and that man's scope,

But things removed,
that hidden in thee lie!
Thou art the grave where
buried love doth live,
Hung with the trophies
of my lovers gone,
Who all their parts of
me to thee did give;
That due of many now
is thine alone:
Their images I loved
I view in thee,
And thou, all they, hast
all-the-all of me.

Full many a glori-
ous morning
have I seen
Flatter the moun-
tain tops with sovereign eye,
Kissing with golden face
the meadows green,
Gilding pale streams
with heavenly alchemy;
Anon permit the basest
clouds to ride
With ugly rack on his
celestial face,
And from the forlorn
world his face to hide,

Stealing unseen to west
with his disgrace:
Even so my sun one
early morn did shine
With all-triumphant
splendour on my brow;
But out, alack! he was
but one hour mine,
The region cloud hath
masked him from me now.
Yet him for this my love
no whit disdaineth;
Suns of the world may
stain when heaven's
sun staineth.

Why did'st thou
promise such a
beauteous day,
And make me
travel forth without my cloak
To let base clouds o'er-
take me in my way,
Hiding thy bravery in
their rotten smoke?
'Tis not enough that
thro' the cloud thou break
To dry the rain on my
storm-beaten face,
For no man well of
such a salve can speak,

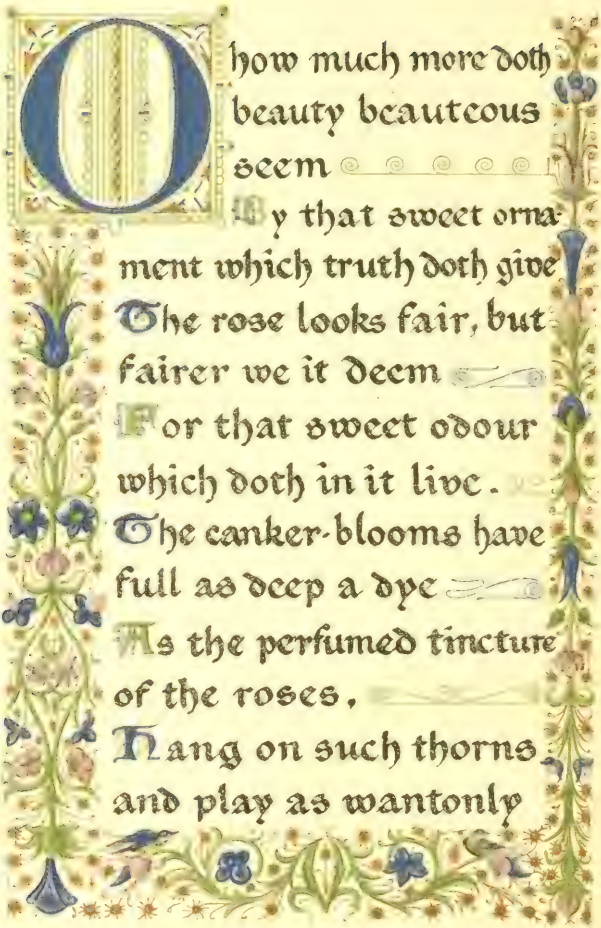
With what I most enjoy
contented least;
Yet in these thoughts
myself almost despising.
Haply I think on thee,
and then my state
Like to the lark at break
of day arising
From sullen earth sings
hymns at heaven's gate;
For thy sweet love re-
membered such wealth
brings,
That then I scorn to
change my state with kings.

When to the sessions
of sweet silent
thought
I summon up re-
membrance of things past,
I sigh the lack of many
a thing I sought,
And with old woes new
wail my dear time's waste:
Then can I drown an
eye unused to flow,
For precious friends hid
in death's dateless night,
And weep afresh love's

long since cancelled woe,
And moan the expense
of many a vanish'd sight:
Then can I grieve at
grievances foregone,
And heavily from woe
to woe tell o'er
The sad account of fore-
bemoaned moan,
Which I new pay as if
not paid before,
But if the while I think
on thee, dear friend,
All losses are restor-
ed and sorrows end.

Thy bosom is endear
ed with all hearts,
Which I by lacking
have supposed dead;
And there reigns love, &
all loves loving parts,
And all those friends
which I thought buried.
How many a holy and
obsequious tear
Hath dear religious love
stol'n from mine eye
As interest of the dead
which now appear

That heals the wound,
& cures not the disgrace;
Nor can thy shame give
physic to my grief;
Though thou repent, yet
I have still the loss:
The offender's sorrow
lends but weak relief
To him that bears the
strong offence's cross.
Ah, but those tears are
pearl which thy love
sheds,
And they are rich, and
ransom all ill deeds.


O how much more doth
beauty beauteous
seem
By that sweet orna-
ment which truth doth give
The rose looks fair, but
fairer we it deem
For that sweet odour
which doth in it live.
The canker-blooms have
full as deep a dye
As the perfumed tincture
of the roses,
Hang on such thorns,
and play as wantonly

When summer's breath
their masked buds discloses:
But, for their virtue only
is their show,
They live unwoo'd, and
unrespected fade;
Die to themselves. Sweet
roses do not so;
Of their sweet deaths are
sweetest odours made:
And so of you, beauteous
and lovely youth,
When that shall fade,
by verse distils your
truth.

When I have seen
by Time's fell
hand defaced
The rich-proud
cost of outworn buried age;
When sometime lofty
towers I see down-razed,
And brass eternal slave
to mortal rage;
When I have seen the
hungry ocean gain
Advantage on the king-
dom of the shore.
And the firm soil win
of the watry main,

Increasing store with
loss, and loss with store:
When I have seen such
interchange of state,
Or state itself confound
ed to decay:
Ruin hath taught me
thus to ruminate,—
That Time will come
and take my love away.
This thought is as a death
which cannot choose
But weep to have that
which it fears to lose.

Since brass, nor stone,
nor earth, nor bound-
less sea,
But sad mortality
o'ersways their power,
How with this rage shall
beauty hold a plea,
Whose action is no stron
ger than a flower?
O, how shall summer's
honey breath hold out
Against the wreckful
siege of battering days,
When rocks impreg-
nable are not so stout,

Nor gates of steel so
strong, but time decays?
O fearful meditation:
where, alack:
Shall Time's best jewel
from Time's chest lie hid?
Or what strong hand can
hold his swift foot back?
Or who his spoil of beau-
ty can forbid?
O none, unless this mir-
acle have might
That in black ink my love
may still shine bright.

Some glory in their
birth, some in their
skill,
Some in their wealth,
some in their body's force;
Some in their garments,
though new-fangled ill;
Some in their hawks &
hounds, some in their horse;
And every humour hath
his adjunct pleasure,
wherein it finds a joy
above the rest:
But these particulars
are not my measure;

All these I better in one general best.
Thy love is better than high birth to me,
Richer than wealth, prouder than garment's cost,
Of more delight than hawks or horses be;
And, having thee, of all men's pride I boast:
Wretched in this alone, that thou mayst take
All this away, and me most wretched make.

But do thy worst to
steal thyself away,
For term of life
thou art assured mine;
And life no longer than
thy love will stay,
For it depends upon that
love of thine.
Then need I not to fear
the worst of wrongs,
When in the least of them
my life shall end.
I see a better state to
me belongs

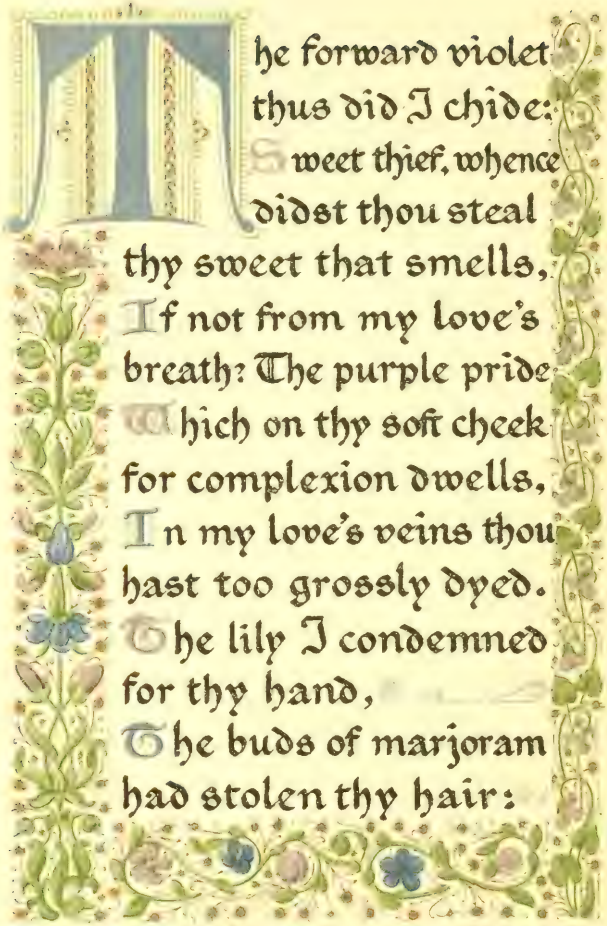
Than that which on thy
humour doth depend:
Thou canst not vex me
with inconstant mind
Since that my life on thy
revolt doth lie.
O, what a happy title
do I find,
Happy to have thy love,
happy to die!
But what's so blessed
fair that fears no blot?
Thou may'st be false,
and yet I know it not.

How like a winter
hath my absence
been
From thee the plea
sure of the fleeting year:
What freezings have I
felt, what dark days seen
What old December's bar
ness everywhere:
And yet this time remov
ed was summer's time;
The teeming autumn
big with rich increase,
Bearing the wanton
burden of the prime,

Like widowed wombs
after their lords' decease;
Yet this abundant issue
seemed to me
But hope of orphans &
unfathered fruit;
For summer and his
pleasures wait on thee,
And, thou away, the very
birds are mute;
Or, if they sing, 'tis with
so dull a cheer,
That leaves look pale,
dreading the winter's
near.

From you have I
been absent in
the spring,
When proud-pied
April dressed in all his trim,
Had put a spirit of
youth in everything,
That heavy Saturn laugh
ed and leaped with him.
Yet nor the lays of birds
nor the sweet smell
Of different flowers in
odour and in hue
Could make me any
summer's story tell,

Or from their proud lap
pluck them where they
grew:
Nor did I wonder at
the lily's white,
Nor praise the deep ver-
milion of the rose;
They were but sweet,
but figures of delight,
Drawn after you,-you
pattern of all those.
Yet seemed it winter
still, and you away,
As with your shadow
I with these did play.


The forward violet thus did I chide:
Sweet thief, whence didst thou steal thy sweet that smells,
If not from my love's breath? The purple pride
Which on thy soft cheek for complexion dwells,
In my love's veins thou hast too grossly dyed.
The lily I condemned for thy hand,
The buds of marjoram had stolen thy hair:

The roses fearfully on
thorns did stand,
One blushing shame, an-
other white despair;
A third, nor red nor white,
had stolen of both,
And to his robbery had
annexed thy breath;
But for his theft, in pride
of all his growth
A vengeful canker eat
him up to death.
More flowers I noted,
yet I none could see,
But sweet or colour it
had stolen from thee.

Let me not to the
marriage of true
minds
Admit impedi-
ments. Love is not love
Which alters when it
alteration finds,
Or bends with the re-
mover to remove;
O, no! it is the ever-fix-
ed mark,
That looks on tempests
and is never shaken;
It is the star to every
wandering bark,

Whose worth's unknown,
although his height be
taken.
Love's not Time's fool,
though rosy lips & cheeks
Within his bending
sickles compass come;
Love alters not with his
brief hours and weeks,
But bears it out even
to the edge of doom.
If this be error, and
upon me proved,
I never writ, nor no
man ever loved.

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Shakespeare, William
Sonnets

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